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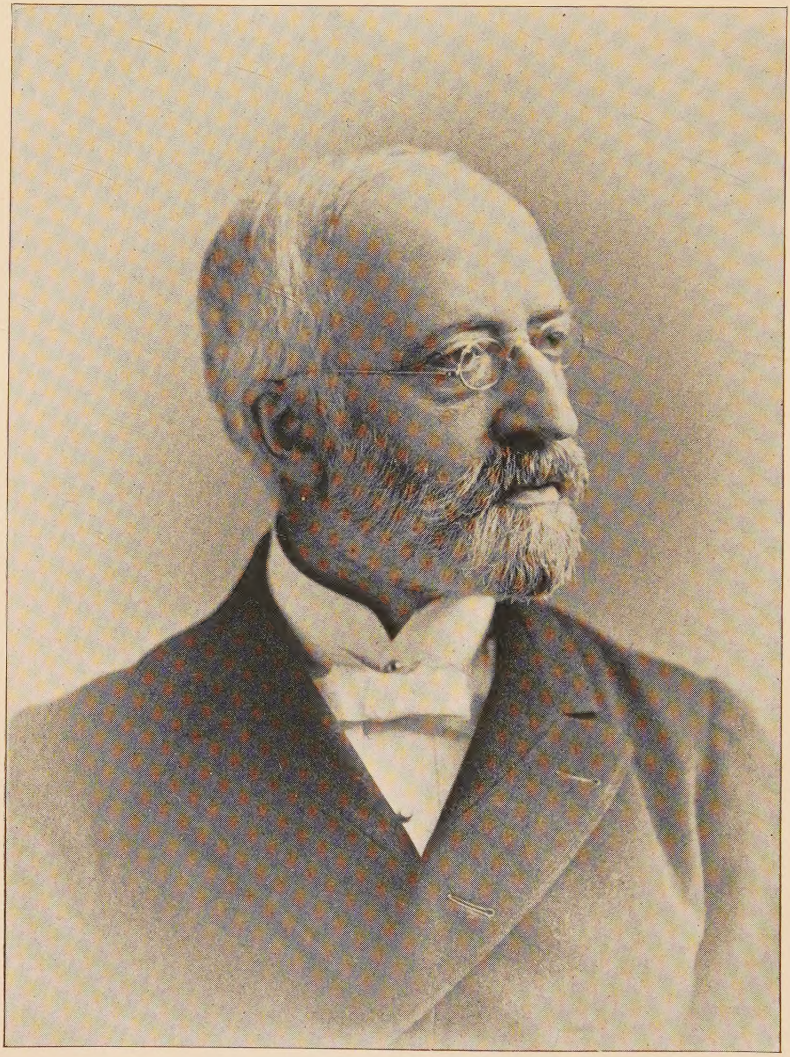


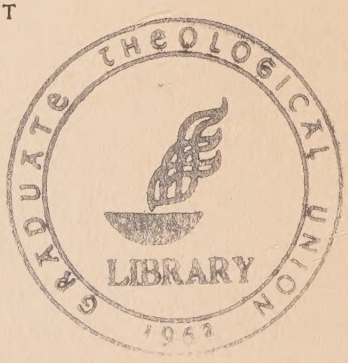
IN MEMORY

OF

LOAMMI GOODENOW WARE

PRIVATELY PRINTED

BURLINGTON VERMONT
1892



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"Where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?"

—TENNYSON: *Idylls.*

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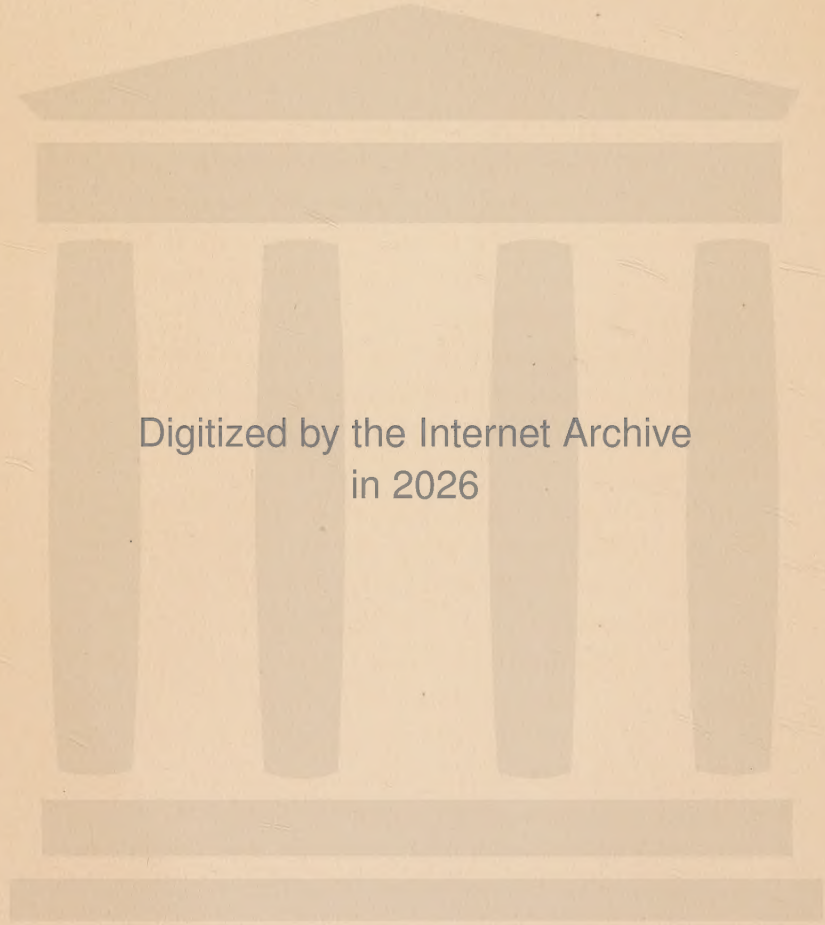

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THE words of this memorial plainly reveal the sort of life Dr. Ware illustrated; they describe clearly though not adequately the impression made by his personality. It is my place merely to gather them together, in order that they may be preserved, and to prefix a slight supplementary sketch of his life. To portray its full measure and significance were not possible; what he was to this community and to many outside it could be gathered only from individual memories.

He was the youngest child of Horatio Gates and Keziah (Goodenow) Ware, and was born in Boston August 1st, 1827. He was educated in the schools of that city, passing in 1846 from the Public Latin School to Harvard College, from which he graduated with the class of 1850. He graduated from the Harvard Divinity School in 1853 and entered upon his professional life July 26th, 1854, when he was ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of Christ Church in Augusta, Maine. On this occasion the Prayer of Ordination was offered by the Rev. Cazneau Palfrey (then of Belfast, Maine), the Sermon preached by the

Rev. Henry Whitney Bellows, D.D., of New York City, the Right-Hand of Fellowship extended by the Rev. Thomas Starr King of Boston, the Charge to the Candidate and the Address to the People given, respectively, by the Rev. Prof. Convers Francis, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Rev. Robert Cassie Waterston of Boston.

After three years of service during which, as one of his first parishioners has recently written, "thoughtful of his responsibilities, diligent in his work, modest in character, he labored for the good of his people, ever ready to learn from those whom he came to teach, while his daily life was an unconscious lesson of purity and beauty,"—he resigned his charge and returned to Boston.

This was in 1857, and the next six years were spent in that city. For what may be known of his work during those years I can best use the words of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. (then, as now, the pastor of the South Congregational Church), who writes: "After Mr. Ware left Augusta, family reasons disposed him not to enter upon the regular charge of another parish at once, but made it desirable that he should live in Boston. At that time we were just starting what we called the Christian Unity,—a society of the working men and women of the neighborhood of our church. Every Sunday evening we had a relig-

ious meeting, which was conducted by any one who happened to be there. Often no clergyman was present . . . but always they were glad to have a minister there.

"Again and again,—I dare not say how often,—Ware would come over, a mile or more from his own home, of a winter's night when he had already preached twice . . . , to conduct that meeting. . . . He never asked whether he were tired . . . still less . . . whether anybody would thank him; but he came as if it were a privilege."

It was in this way that some months later he became Dr. Hale's assistant and took charge of this Christian Unity society, filling that position until he was called to Burlington. "His duty," writes Dr. Hale, "was very largely visiting in that neighborhood, sometimes among the very poorest people in Boston. It was very interesting to see how the graciousness, and what one would call the high breeding of his manner, made him specially acceptable. . . . He could do some things for those people that nobody else could do; and to this hour he is remembered among people who, I think I might say, till they knew him never cared a straw for any ecclesiastic whatever."

From Boston he came to Burlington, and was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Society November 4th, 1863. At the installation the Sermon

was preached by the Rev. Cyrus Augustus Bartol, D.D., of Boston, the Prayer offered by the Rev. John Cordner of Montreal, the Charge given by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, and the Address made by the Rev. John Fothergill Waterhouse Ware of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Until the end of his life he remained in charge of the church whose pastor he then became. For over twenty-seven years he was the faithful minister of his people and the good friend of the whole community. He exercised an exceptionally great influence in many directions. No man cared less than he for mere reputation, yet the reputation of few was wider. He was known and loved by all, and his loss is felt by more lives than are to be counted.

He was always identified with the best forces of the city's life. No educational or philanthropic interest appealed to him in vain. He was a school commissioner for many years, and a trustee of the Fletcher Free Library and of the Mary Fletcher Hospital, from the organization of each board until his death. He was also a trustee of the Park Gallery of Art belonging to the University of Vermont, and it was from the University that he received the degree of Doctor of Letters in 1889. In many ways that are not to be enumerated his influence was exerted. It was not put forth mechanically; it was pervasive like

the air and sunshine, and like these it was wholesome.

No man could have been more faithful to the narrower field of parish work. But his field was the world. He brought to both the narrower and the broader fields a fulness of mental and spiritual power, a ripeness of scholarship, a soundness of character, a completeness of consecration, and a capacity for sympathy and self-forgetfulness, which made him and keep him still a member of that

> "One great society . . on earth :
> The noble Living and the noble Dead."

His nature was of the finest and at the same time of the most robust. He had great delight in beauty, but in no fuller measure than he had zeal for truth and high appreciation of goodness. He fused the artist's with the hero's temper, and made it one with that of the saintly scholar. His tact was equal with his energy. His dignity and seriousness were lightened by a delicate sense of humor. Thus his character was full-rounded and many-sided, and he was the friend and companion of youth and age alike. He freely gave the fulness of his life, and, rich in the respect and love of those he served, he passed into larger life and work, taking from them the blessing of

his presence, but leaving the abiding benediction of his memory.

He last spoke to his people on Easter morning, March 29th, 1891. During the week he was taken to the Ware Room of the Mary Fletcher Hospital, where the end came in the early morning of April 10th.

Two funeral services were held: one in his church on the afternoon of Sunday, April 12th, and one at the Church of the Disciples in Boston on Tuesday afternoon, April 14th. After the latter service the burial took place at Mount Auburn, the last prayer and benediction coming from the lips of his friend, the Rev. E. H. Hall of Cambridge.

The main contents of this memorial are: first, the words spoken at those services—as far as they were recorded; second, some words spoken a Sunday later at the regular service in his church; and third, a sketch of his character and work.

Other words might well be included, tender and appreciative words spoken from their pulpits by the pastors of other churches in Burlington: one reluctantly omits them.

I conclude this preface by quoting the chief part of a tribute which appeared in the *Portland Oregonian* shortly after Dr. Ware's death. It was written by Mr. Lucius Bigelow, formerly a resident of Burlington, and is as follows:

"Mr. Ware educated his whole community . . . by his catholic teachings and example. The public schools, the private and public charities, without distinction of denomination, all knew him, welcomed him, loved him devotedly in life and mourned him deeply in death. His own private bereavements had not been few, his own personal disappointments and sorrows had been many, and yet in his increasing loneliness and ill-health he remained to the last the lovable, the helpful, the self-sacrificing friend and brother of every human creature, high or low, that needed him. When he died . . . the whole city in its moral, social and patriotic life, . . . lost a great friend, benefactor, educator, inspirer and illuminator.

"For a quarter of a century this man had been a blessed formative influence in his city. Its schools, its charities, its homes, were all better and brighter because this man had lived. The little local world in which he moved had more good men and good women; had more reformed and hopeful persons who had once been morally deformed, helpless because hopeless, because he had become part of its life. He had made the world warmer because he had lived in it; and it is colder to-day for many because he has gone out of it. He was an earnest, intelligent and sound preacher, . . . he was so great a pastor, so

large, noble, radiant and cordial a shape of moral, religious and spiritual manhood, that all denominations in his city rose up and helped to bury him, because he had been emphatically the great and good shepherd of the whole people."

To add more would be only to prolong a note of praise.

H. L. W.

First Congregational Society,
Burlington, 21 *January*, 1892.

Contents.

PAGE

PREFACE, AND SKETCH OF DR. WARE'S LIFE . . . v

THE SERVICE IN BURLINGTON 1

SCRIPTURE READING BY THE REV. W. S. BARNES . 3

REMARKS BY THE REV. J. E. WRIGHT 6

REMARKS BY PRESIDENT M. H. BUCKHAM . . . 11

REMARKS BY PROFESSOR R. A. RICE 17

THE SERVICE IN BOSTON 21

REMARKS BY THE REV. E. H. HALL 23

SERMON BY THE REV. H. L. WHEELER 29

SKETCH OF DR. WARE'S CHARACTER AND WORK BY THE REV. FRANCIS TIFFANY 45

SONNET BY MRS. J. C. R. DORR 54

The Service in Burlington,

In the Unitarian Church, on Sunday afternoon, April 12th, consisted of:

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURES	by the Rev. William Sullivan Barnes, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, of Montreal;
PRAYER	by the Rev. Horace Leslie Wheeler, Associate-Pastor;
REMARKS	by the Rev. James Edward Wright, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, of Montpelier;
REMARKS	by President Matthew Henry Buckham, D.D., of the University of Vermont;
REMARKS	by Professor Richard Austin Rice, A.M., of Williams College;
BENEDICTION	by the Associate-Pastor; and
MUSIC *	by the Organ and Choir.

The Scripture Reading and the Addresses are given on the following pages.

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* The organist of the church, Miss M. M. Paul, played Chopin's and Beethoven's Funeral Marches; and the choir, consisting of Mrs. W. S. Nay, Miss M. R. Simpson, and Messrs. F. C. Lyon and F. M. Corse, sang "Cast thy Burden on the Lord," from *Elijah*, and five stanzas from Whittier's *Our Master*, to the tune of *Serenity*.

Reading from the Scriptures,*

By The REV. W. S. BARNES,

OF MONTREAL.

WHITHER shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy Presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in the grave, Thou art there. If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me, even the night will be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day. And when I awake, I am still with Thee.

Let not your heart be troubled: have faith in God, and have faith in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more: but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

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* The reading was from Dr. Ware's own manuscript book of selections.

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of God.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

And I heard a voice from heaven: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; the sun shall not light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them; he shall lead them unto fountains of living waters; and God Himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. There the blessed inhabitant shall never say, I am sick; and the people who dwell there shall be forgiven of their sins. Their sun shall no more go down, neither shall their moon withdraw itself; for

the Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended. There shall be no death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. For the former things are passed away.

The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To Him be glory forever and ever. Amen.

Remarks

By The REV. J. E. WRIGHT,

OF MONTPELIER.

THERE come to all men times of testing. Is not this such a time in our experience, my friends? When your beloved pastor last addressed you from this pulpit, it was Easter. Flowers were here in glorious beauty and rich profusion, telling their sweet story of life uprising from death. All the services suggested the triumph of life over mortality. But this day compels us to think of Death. The bright skies of Easter morning are now overcast; smiles have given place to tears; the long-loved pastor and friend is not here! And how great the difference!

What shall we do? Shall we surrender ourselves to grief? Shall we allow the thought of death and the grave to assume entire control? Shall we dwell dejectedly upon our irreparable loss?

But the beauty of the flowers is here again to-day, as on that lovely Easter morning. It cannot be that they are here to mock our grief. Are they not here, rather, to set before our hearts the same precious truth which we symbolized by them two weeks ago,—

that death signifies not less of life, but more,—life risen and glorified? Did we really mean what we said, and sang, and symbolized, on Easter morning, or did we not mean it? This is our time of testing. Surely we will not to-day deny our so recently expressed convictions. We will rather take that Easter service as an undesigned preparation for this hour, and, thus aided, will reaffirm with new emphasis that mortality *is* swallowed up of life.

Your loved pastor was my loved friend. Very early in my ministry in Montpelier he gave me his fraternal greeting, and the bond then formed has grown stronger and stronger during these more than twenty years.

It is not for me to attempt to say what he was in this city, the scene of his principal labors. Let me simply try to say a word of him in behalf of those beyond the limits of Burlington to whom he stretched out the brotherly hand, giving lavishly from the wealth of his large heart and richly stored mind.

His ministry, as all know, has been of very wide extent. Wherever he could be of service, that place he regarded as a part of his field. He taught and practised "the holiness of helpfulness;" and we to whom he has given guidance and stimulus in study, co-operation in work, and sympathy in trial (and we are not a few in number), owe to him a great debt of obligation. How often has he gone to the limit of

his strength, and beyond his strength, in serving other societies than his own, religious, philanthropic, educational! Those nearest him with all their kind warnings and cautions, could seldom restrain the ardor of devotion which prompted him to respond to every call for assistance. And when he had contributed what was the result of years of study and the most thorough and conscientious preparation, he was wont to under-estimate it all,—his modesty commensurate with his ability.

And of his friendship—had he not "a genius for friendship"? His studies covered a wide range, the circle of his acquaintance was very extensive, his duties were pressing, his responsibilities great; yet when did the urgency of great duties or the breadth and scope of important interests ever cause him to neglect the small courtesies and minute ministries of kindness and affection? Who ever sent forth so many little missives of personal interest, each with its own oddity of phrase, each with its own bit of pleasantry? Who ever scattered the gifts of friendly remembrance so widely up and down the land and across the sea? Who ever lived more by and in the love of his friends, than did he? And though the number of those in whom he was interested was so great, yet the interest was not diluted. The resources of his heart seemed inexhaustible; and he had not to "join the choir invisible," to live in

lives made better by his presence, but even here he was

> "the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense."

One needed not to think just as he did in matters of religion or philosophy, one needed not to have similar tastes even, to retain his loyal friendship. He was too large-minded for such exactingness; and many, I imagine, might join me in citing Tennyson's words as applicable to their friendship with him:—

> "He was rich where I was poor,
> And he supplied my want the more,
> As his unlikeness fitted mine."

Yes; so generous were his sympathies, so extensive was his kindness, so widespread his charities, so abounding his helpfulness, among all classes and conditions of men, that we may well cherish him in memory as our "Great-Heart."

And when you establish some memorial of him in this city, where his chief work has been done, as I am confident you will do, my friends, though his body be taken to Mount Auburn, let me entreat this, that you permit the *many* to share in the grateful duty,—his brethren at a distance to whom he has reached out a long arm in fraternal service, the little children who

welcomed his smile as a benediction, and the destitute who ever found him their friend in need.

Thinking of him thus I sit as a mourner with you at this hour, as sorrowing with you,—but also rejoicing, rejoicing in the remembrance of what he has been to me and to very many, rejoicing in his many fruitful years, in his conspicuous usefulness, rejoicing that so many whose lives he has enriched rise up to-day and call him blessed, and rejoicing also (helped by these beautiful symbols of resurrection before us), in

> "The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is ever lord of Death.
> And Love can never lose its own."

Remarks

By PRESIDENT M. H. BUCKHAM,

OF THE UNIVERSITY.

WHEN a well-known man dies there is usually some expression uttered over and over again on the streets and in the homes of the community, which, by its unanimity, makes up the public verdict upon the character and worth of the man. How many scores and hundreds of times has it been said within the last three days, "How much Mr. Ware will be missed!" It is no disparagement to any who remain to say that it would be hard to name any one who would be so sadly missed, in so many places, by so many persons. When men and women of culture assemble to interchange thought on any high matter of literature, art or learning, one chair will be vacant, so long occupied by the accomplished scholar, the man of exquisite refinement and taste. But not less will his absence be felt in the sick-chamber of the poor invalid, to whom a kindly word, or a dainty note, or a fresh flower, from Mr. Ware was a cheering and heartening reminder that there was one who had time to think of and a heart to feel for a sufferer. How the children

will miss him! I was about to say that as he had no children of his own his heart went out to the children of his friends. But this would not be doing him justice. He was an admirer and lover of children in general and in particular just as if they had been all his own. Much as he admired the cherubs and bambinos of art he got a more real and heartfelt pleasure from the actual children whom he knew. He kept their photographs on his study-table; he cherished and repeated their bright sayings; he was ever studying ways of giving them pleasure and doing them kindnesses. To walk with him on the street was to find yourself ignored by every boy and girl of your acquaintance, who reserved all their smiles for Mr. Ware. And when we think how genuine and unstudied and discerning are usually the loves of children, what a testimony is this to the sincere kindliness of his nature, to the outflow of real interest and affection, which never fails to bring a return in kind back into one's own bosom.

When we ask ourselves what are the qualities by which Mr. Ware so endeared himself to this community, we naturally think of him in two chief aspects of his character. First, he commanded our respect by virtue of the high standard of excellence, intellectual and moral, which he placed before himself. Mr. Ware was in the highest sense a Puritan, in so far as

that term stands for a severe type of intellectual beauty and a high moral ideal. I need not remind you who were his models of excellence,—in art, Michel Angelo; in literature, Dante; in thought, Plato and Emerson;—men of power because men of perfect self-command, men who feared to over-say the truth they said, whose silence was golden. To Mr. Ware the greatest word and the greatest thought, in history, in Scripture, and in life, was righteousness. This not only preserves the stars and the ancient heavens from wrong, but is the only true life of the man of the community. And Mr. Ware not only held this high standard before himself; he did his best to bring other men up to it. He had above most men the courage of his convictions. He had the power of indignation of the old prophetic type. Habitually placid in his speech, we have all seen him when his utterance became almost passionate, when his face would flush and his veins swell at the thought or mention of some wrong or baseness, especially if it were a wrong to the weak and helpless. The last word I heard him utter was a characteristic outburst against the demagogism which seems just now to be threatening everything high and fine in our country. Considering the special obligation resting on this community to watch with jealous sensitiveness the intellectual and moral tone of all public examples and

utterances as they may affect young minds in their receptive and plastic conditions, we owe to Mr. Ware a large debt of gratitude for the deference he has compelled to be paid to pure rectitude, high-mindedness, and courtesy.

For these qualities Mr. Ware had the high respect of all citizens of this community. Probably some were rather afraid of him. Indeed I am not sure but most of us had a little wholesome fear of him—his standards were so high—his life was such a rebuke to all but the highest aims and ambitions. But if he had universal respect, still more he had universal love. And the secret of this was that he gave to this community himself. His first thought and love he gave of course to the people of his own parish. But kindly cared for by them and freed from most of the care of temporalities, he had leisure and an overplus of affection and activity which he freely bestowed upon the larger public. Associated as I have been with him for many years in three of our most important public institutions, the Public Schools, the Fletcher Library, and the Mary Fletcher Hospital, I bear glad testimony to the warmth of his interest in the public welfare; to the self-sacrificing labor which he devoted to his official duties, and the great pleasure which he found in his service in connection with these important trusts. A stranger who saw

but little of Mr. Ware and saw, as he must, that he was a gentleman of rare accomplishments, might have received the impression that he was mainly interested in his books, his pictures, and his literary correspondence. But I venture the assertion that he derived more satisfaction from being secretary of the Mary Fletcher Hospital and from having his name forever associated with a bed in that House of Mercy, than even from his choice library and his charming art treasures. Not that I would disparage the latter. It is a distinction which not every little rural city enjoys to have had in it for nearly thirty years a man whose intellectual accomplishments were at once so high and so freely placed at the service of the whole community. And as for Mr. Ware's devotion to art, it is to be said that art itself was, in his estimate of it, not the mere ornament or frippery of life it is to so many, but a part of God's grace to mankind. One of his great services to this community has been in teaching us—and few teachers anywhere have done it so well—the religious meaning and uses of true art. But Mr. Ware's sympathies were not those of a mere scholar; they were large, human, catholic. They went out to the ignorant, the poor, the mourners, the sick, the suffering, the prisoner, the slave, the outcast. Not the fewest of those who are weeping to-day, are of the class upon whom Mr. Ware's Master and ours

expended his own sympathies, and whom he called his own brethren. Need we ask why all this community loved Mr. Ware?

When a man is taken away on whom the community has long depended for certain rarely valuable service which had become essential to it, the first thought is of our impoverishment, our bewilderment without the customary support for dependence. But let us take courage. God is not chary in the bestowment of his gifts if we are ready to recognize them when they are sent. Let us not be chary in our appreciation of the great gift of a useful life, and in our expression of it. Let us encourage such lives by honoring them, and thus doing what in us lies to make a noble life reproduce itself. As young men listen to the utterances of our community respecting the life that is just closed, let them see that we know how to estimate at its true value a pure, unselfish life, a life devoted to love and good works. Let them learn not only by the authoritative declaration of Holy Writ, but by the spontaneous verdict of collective human judgment and feeling, that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold; that it is better to give than receive; that it is nobler to minister than be ministered unto; and that to do good and to communicate is a sacrifice with which God himself is well pleased.

Remarks

By PROF. R. A. RICE,

OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Stepping down from the pulpit to the head of the casket, Prof. Rice said:

FORGIVE me, friends, if I stand here beside him who was my friend. For he was my friend; best and dearest of all whom I can call by that name. He filled out the measure of the word until it overflowed in grace, in truth, in blessing. His friendship was a revelation of whatever truth there can be in the word friend;—be it sympathy with high aspirations or noble desires, with plans for work and influence in the world, with every-day cares, and common experiences of life; be it that openness of heart and mind to all that affects in any way the welfare of another,—the cordial welcome of idea and feeling, the quick response to joy or trouble, not waiting even for the demand; be it the strong faith, the unquestioning love, which knit hearts into one: his friendship answered to every test, nor was it ever found wanting.

And what he was to me, and to the few who knew him as I did,—the interpretation of that crowning grace of human life,—such he was in genuine human friendliness to all who came in contact with him. Through the same openness of soul, the child, the man, the poor, the desolate, the unfortunate, found entrance to his unfailing, affectionate interest.

There are lives which seem the direct unfolding of a thought of God: to him was given the manifestation of that exquisite human friendliness, which in its perfection we call divine.

But I do not need to praise him; this concourse is his praise, this sea of faces on which the human feeling is so marked; eyes dimmed with tears; tearless eyes which look out into the future, and yet cannot realize what the world can be without him who lies here. We come to bury him, not in cold forgetful earth, but in our faith, our hope, our love, our prayer. Yet he is not here: as the fragrance of these flowers which envelop his mortal form rises and pervades the air, so shall he rise through our faith and love, and walk with us for evermore. And this shall be his praise,—more precious, more enduring than monument of marble or of brass,—the gathering into our lives of what he was, the uplifting of each and all of us by virtue of his fine manhood. This shall last and grow, reaching on beyond our short lives even,

because it is spirit and life, one surely with all that is eternal.

In a distant land and time, one whom he called Master and Friend revealed in its fulness the perfection of our humanity in generous sympathy with every aspect of our earthly lot. His voice, gathering into itself whatever sweetness and cheer the ages have brought by the revelation of his spirit in human lives, comes to us across the sweep of years, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and I know not what that may mean, if there be not in it the promise that whatever partakes of that same revelation of our divine humanity shall abide with us unto the end.

According to the measure of our response to that friendship, of our entering into that life which seems so prematurely cut off, will he live with us and in us, not as a gracious, faithless memory, but as a spiritual, immortal comrade and friend. Through him there shall be in us some reflection of the gentleness, the tenderness, the courtesy, which were his distinction; our hands shall be more often stretched out to help those who need our help; we shall speak words of cheer rather than of bitterness; the children whom he loved, the poor and sorrowing who felt his sympathy,—all of every station and condition whom his presence gladdened shall find in the community a

quickened feeling, a readier response to every human appeal. He will live with us in devotion to all noble ends, in scorn of wrong, in that revelation of the Divine in our mortal life which made him a visible sign of God's kingdom on this earth.

The Service in Boston,

In the Church of the Disciples, Tuesday afternoon, April 14th, consisted of:

Reading from the Scriptures	by the Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, Pastor of the Church;
Remarks	by the Rev. Edward Henry Hall, Pastor of the First Parish in Cambridge;
Remarks	by the Rev. Horace Leslie Wheeler, Associate Pastor of the Church in Burlington;
Prayer	by Mr. Ames; and
Music	by the Organ and the Weber Quartette.

Mr. Hall's Remarks are given on the following pages.

Remarks*

By The REV. E. H. HALL,

OF CAMBRIDGE.

I AM not here as a clergyman to-day, nor in any formal sense to "officiate" at these rites: I am here only as a friend. None of us, I think, desire any appointed phrases or labored words of comfort. We know what we have lost, and that it is a loss which never can be replaced; but we know, too, that such a life as this has been, with our eulogy or without, has done its work, and left behind its unalterable record of purity and sweetness.

I speak only as a friend. The best lessons of friendship I have ever learned this man has taught me. He has shown me how tender and beautiful a thing friendship is, how large-hearted, generous, and loyal, how quick to discern all noble traits in others, how more than appreciative of every genuine excellence. I am not surprised at this silent gathering from far and near of early and of later friends. Though I know so little of these busy years of his ministry, I should be very sure, even without this

* Reprinted from the *Christian Register* of May 14th, 1891.

pathetic testimony, that, wherever he has been, all who honored uprightness and integrity have found themselves drawn to him, that all who loved manly purity and delicacy have been bound to him as by chains of steel. I can understand that, wherever his life has been spent, he has known the art of making and keeping friends.

Nor do I think it was the gentleness of his nature alone that drew hearts to him, though he had the gentleness of a woman, nor the softness of his feelings, nor the exquisiteness of his tastes, though this was what first won men's admiration. It was the firmness and integrity of character behind all this, and the genuineness of the man himself. There was no lack of discrimination in that tenderness of his. The instinctive courtesy and generosity which always marked him so conspicuously led him into no mistakes. He knew men thoroughly, and judged them with manly judgment. No foibles or imperfections were ever lost upon him, but either fed the flame of his indignation or provided material for that keen and abundant sense of humor which was one of the most delightful of his characteristics. No one, I think, ever got more entertainment out of his fellows or probed their motives more dexterously. Only you may be sure there was no malice in his satire, no desire to hurt or offend, no want of charity or apprecia-

tion. Here, as elsewhere, his love of beauty, of excellence, of sincerity, surmounted all resentments and kept the critical spirit in check.

I have dwelt upon these phases of his character, and especially upon his value as a friend, because to me at least, if not to all of us, it is the man himself rather than what he said or did that comes first to mind. Yet there is no cause to speak lightly or slightingly of what he did. Such a thoroughly enlightened mind as his, such natural love of beauty, such cultivated taste for music and all the arts, and such quick recognition of whatever was best,—in a word, such rare refinement of nature,—could hardly be placed in any of our New England communities without making there its mark, and becoming a centre of choicest influence. I am not surprised to hear how universally he was prized and esteemed in the place where for the last quarter of a century he has been doing his quiet work. I am not surprised that the admiration felt for him knew no bounds of sect or class. Why should it? What do these traits of which I have been speaking know of sect or class? Such culture as his finds its own everywhere, seeks its like and is sought by it wherever it may be. I have known many lovers of art, but few with so sure a sense of beauty, few who knew so well what they liked and why, few who echoed so instinctively the

higher refinements of criticism and taste which so many accept conventionally and slavishly. To enter his home was to feel one's self where all that was common or second-rate was unknown, but whither whatever was choicest, the world over, found its way, to receive spontaneous and passionate appreciation. No one, I am inclined to say, really knew our friend who had not seen and shared in his enjoyment over some new treasure of art.

These qualities of which I have spoken put their stamp upon all his pursuits. His intellectual instincts were of the finest and surest, and not only led him straight to whatever was best in the past, and made him familiar with the world's best minds, but brought to him, too, the choicest things in our current literature, often before others found them out. His admirations were no craze or fad, but brought genuine and intense enjoyment.

These traits went with him into the pulpit, too, though others can tell you better than I of his work as pastor and preacher. His profession was to him, so far as I could judge, pre-eminently a means to lead men to purer and higher living. For the theological speculations of the day or its critical researches he had little taste, still less for what seemed to him its realistic or utilitarian temper. "When you get on ideal grounds," he said lately to one of his ministerial

companions to whom he had been listening, "I am with you all the time." He lived entirely in idealistic regions; lived among his much-loved poets and masters of every art, and looked upon the world of to-day through their eyes; saw many ideals which others ignored or scorned, and believed in them, too, while others surrendered themselves to the immediate and practical. If this robbed him in any degree of dash or fire, or lessened the virility or vigor with which he grappled with actual affairs, it kept him exquisitely true to his best thoughts and highest dreams. Once for all, he was *fastidious*, and must needs accept whatever limitation, as well as whatever excellence, goes with that exacting word. His was not the rough work of the world, but the fine. His calling was to win souls to delicacy and high-mindedness.

It is much to give all this up, at so sudden a summons. We shall miss him sadly and long. When we turn aside for the moment from the stir and pressure of life, we shall miss the tenderness and loyalty of his friendship; when beautiful things throw themselves in our way, we shall miss his sympathy and contagious enthusiasm; whenever anything gross or vulgar crosses our path, in politics, in trade, or in religion, we shall miss his sensitive, instinctive abhorrence, to make us hate it, too.

I have said nothing of the more sacred relations in

which he has stood, or of the grief, deeper than any words of mine can speak, which follows him now to his last resting-place. What he was to the world, what he was to his companions, to his friends of youth and manhood, to his parish, and to the community in which he lived, will help us to understand what he must have been to those who were nearest and dearest, and the mighty loss which has befallen them. We will not try to belittle that loss or explain it away. We will only offer them our tender and heartfelt sympathy.

For him we cannot mourn. He would ask no better recompense, no fuller assurance that he has lived well, than this affectionate reverence in which to-day we enshrine his memory. We mourn only for ourselves, and wonder if life will ever seem quite so rich and full without him.

Sermon,

PREACHED BEFORE THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY,

ON

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19TH, 1891,

BY THE

REV. HORACE LESLIE WHEELER, A.M., S.T.B.,

ASSOCIATE-PASTOR.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hangeth the whole law, and the prophets."—Matthew 22. 37–40.

THERE comes a time when every friendship is sundered. However at one two hearts may beat, however closely two lives may be bound together, there comes a time when they must be separated. The pulsation of one heart ceases; one life becomes invisible. For the other heart there is thenceforth weariness that it had not known before; for the other life there is thenceforth loneliness. It is the law of our existence. Doubtless, though not evidently, it is a good law. Doubtless there is gain for both lives,—the one that passes beyond mortal vision, the one that still remains in the world. Doubtless "God is love."

Doubtless: that is, without the possibility of permanent and thorough-going doubt. We may say and truly that we do not see, although we trust that

> "God" is "love indeed,
> And love Creation's final law."

He allows us to walk without sight; He appoints us to walk by faith if we walk at all. Wisely and lovingly the decree was made of old in that time before time was, when he had not "formed the earth and the world" and yet was God "from everlasting to everlasting." He was, is, and shall be God and Father; He is love, "yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever."

I declare to you my faith this morning. It is not mine to bring you evidence that it is surely grounded; it is not mine to find that evidence; the things we can demonstrate are not the highest things; the things we see are temporal; the eternal things are forever unseen.

This being so—the eternal things remaining invisible, the greatest knowledge being partial, the farthest and clearest vision being limited—there is still in this human nature of ours an endowment which takes the place of knowledge and vision. We may not know, we cannot see, but deep within our hearts is the

"faith that looks through death."

How did Paul find out that "the things which are not seen are eternal"? How did Jesus reach assurance that he was not alone, but that the Father was with him? How did it come into the heart of one whose life had been sadly despoiled of its best and

dearest to write me recently that she was sure that underneath her life were "the everlasting arms"? How into the soul of one I knew, who lay dying in her youth, did there come the faith to look with a smile into tear-stained eyes that bent above her, and say, "You mustn't cry; perhaps we shall laugh over this some day"? The most chilling and ghastly doubt that may ever occur to man, perishes in the presence of such faith as at times takes possession of the human heart. The unseen announces, though it does not demonstrate, itself to us, and we may walk forward calmly, seeing life steadily and whole, because we have faith that God is and that His ways and purposes are wise and good.

How did this faith come to these of whom I have spoken? How does it dawn upon us at times, sending its rays into the dark valleys of our lives and rendering them bright like the towering peaks, making good and beautiful the spiritual "deep places of the earth" as well as the "heights of the mountains"? We do not know how it comes; we do know that it does come. I declare my faith that the ultimate explanation is that we are children of God, that in ways beyond our analysis our life is one with His.

There, dear friends, at the door of this wonderful and mighty faith, we must leave our deepest ques-

tionings; there we must bring our keenest disappointments, our shattered ambitions, our broken hopes, our vanished realities; there we must leave them all, or else carry them as burdens for which our strength is not sufficient; there we must leave them, or miss the fulness of our life. At the door of that mysterious faith countless hearts have found their rest and peace: we shall not elsewhere find our own.

I declare to you my faith, for I am speaking to your grief. It is my earnest wish to bring you a mighty word and declaration. It is my earnest wish to bring you the best that one may bring another. And if my word touches your need, and in any measure supplies it, it will serve not only your hearts but my own; for during these recent days I have had the same sense of loss that has been yours.

I would bring the message that he we have known would bring; I would speak the word that he would speak. With what fuller conviction and greater authority the message and word might be declared by him, I know. But, though conviction and authority be less, with what measure of them is mine I would try in his stead to declare the word that should not be so much my own as his, and not so much his as the Father's who gave him through so many years to be your friend and the helper of your deepest life.

That is the first thing I would do this morning—to declare my faith, and speak to you a benediction in his name.

But there is more for me to do. If I should call it a duty, none could be more sad; if I should call it a privilege, none could be more grateful. It is both duty and privilege. I count it one of the great blessings of my life that I have known him and stood beside him in a work that was both mine and his. How could I be otherwise than grateful that he was willing to have me share in his life-work? How could I be otherwise than proud of the confidence he reposed in me? Was there one better worth knowing in all that makes excellence of character? Was there one from whom another might, if he had any susceptibility, acquire more that was worth acquiring? And was there ever one more free in giving of his very self? You will allow me to speak this morning in his praise.

Not at length; for I remember how much longer he was your friend than mine, how much completer opportunity was yours to know him through many years than was mine through a few brief months,—months, too, in which both his life and mine were much broken, so that I cannot help feeling that if circumstances had lain differently the bond between us might have been more closely knit than it actu-

ally was. It is not meet that I should go beyond my own experience in his friendship and attempt to speak as some might speak to whom you would be glad to listen. Yet the tribute that my heart would bring is not slight, though it be brief.

But, after all,—it was mine to know him so partially, though I could discern how full-rounded and many-sided was his character,—there comes the thought that silence were perhaps more eloquent and fitting than any utterance. For my words fall from the place where he was wont to stand and give you the music of his thought and speech. This platform was his; this church belonged to him; it was your hearts which responded to his words. Stillness and silent prayer were, perhaps, more becoming than any words from another: stillness, in which you might collect your memories; prayer, in which you might lift your hearts on high whither he so often lifted them. This church was his instrument, and stillness within its walls were perhaps best to-day.

> "The silent organ loudest chants
> The master's requiem."

Yet we are members of one household and none of us should be afraid to voice his thought. There is an abundance of the heart which will not allow the lips to remain sealed, though they speak unskilfully.

Something must be spoken, though the most and the best remain unsaid.

There are some natures that one does not have to know long or intimately in order to feel their attraction. Rarely, perhaps, but now and then at least, we say of one who is only an acquaintance, "I wish he were my friend." We perceive at once what the result of longer companionship would be. We discern how much it is within their power to give, and long for the bestowal of the gift. We may be cautious how we yield our confidence to most; with these few there is no room for caution. As we meet them there comes the revelation of the glory of our life. For true life is not individual; it is social. We are not complete when we stand alone—without our God or without our neighbor. But the world so abuses our confidence when we extend it; human nature, as we have experience of it in so many instances, so disappoints us by its many littlenesses,—it is so inconsiderate or so over-curious;—that there is a strong tendency from our social intercourse to put us upon our guard, to make us non-committal of ourselves. I would give a dignified meaning to the phrase when I say that we become cautious lest we "give ourselves away;" we hesitate to shoot back the bolt which holds fast the door of our hearts; we feel that to do this would be weakness, that we are stronger if we

keep our thought and feeling concealed. It is not really so, however we may be confirmed in our opinion that it is. We are not as strong as we should be if we had larger opportunity of revealing ourselves. We are none of us strong as we should be if the world were all true. For, as it is, we fail to share one another's strength, and in the united strength of lives there is more than the sum of the strength of all. There is an increase from the very alliance; something then comes into being which did not exist in any separate element before. Ah, this falseness of our nature, which keeps men from respecting one another's personality when it has been disclosed, and prevents them from realizing the fulness of their lives! How it is rebuked by the transparent genuineness and loving sympathy of such a nature as was Mr. Ware's! It may be that many of us have first learned through our intercourse with him that profound truth and great lesson of experience that it is only by the giving of ourselves away that we find our life; that only in love which is the fulness of the human, and in religion which is the fulness of the divine relation, do we realize ourselves; that we are not really complete in nature until we have given absolutely up the petty completeness of our individualities and merged our own life into that of another soul and into that of God himself. "He that findeth his life," said Jesus,

" shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

It is not within the power of speech or thought to bring higher praise to one of the children of men than to say that he could and did habitually call forth this confidence from those who knew him. How many have told me that Mr. Ware did this, and from how many more is the confession entirely unnecessary! "He was *such* a friend to me!"—that is the expression from many lips. It was well said, a week ago, that he had "a genius for friendship."

This endowment is not given to all men. He had a remarkable sense of what he could do that would be helpful to those he met, and a well-nigh unerring skill in translating his perception into deed. This delicate tact of thought and execution pre-eminently distinguished him. One saw it from almost the beginning of one's acquaintance, but one was almost overwhelmed by the external evidence of it which came in instance after instance as one began to know the community in which he lived. The secret of it was in that large heart of his. He wished—I will not wrong him by saying, consciously,—he wished instinctively to serve others, and so he did serve them, by deeds which doubtless he soon forgot if he was ever fully aware of doing them. "The most perfect type of the courteous Christian gentleman that was ever seen among

us,"—this I think to be the best characterization of him I have seen. I have never known one so entirely thoughtful, so perfectly considerate, of others. One was almost afraid to tell him of little trials, of body or spirit, for he would never forget and would inquire about them until he knew they had vanished. He gave himself freely, and the gift was very great. Hearts that you and I are not aware of will throb in loneliness now that he is gone, and the memory of thousands of little services will live until all to whom they were rendered have passed, as he has, " into the world of light."

" Farewell ! since nevermore for thee
The sun comes up our eastern skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and saddened eyes.

" There are who for thy last long sleep
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore—
Shall weep because thou canst not weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er."

It was his great readiness to serve others that made him helpful to so many, and it was the multitude of his little services that brought it to pass that no man did so much for the community as he. His interest in one's life was evident, and everybody was his friend because he was first the friend of everybody.

He was not conscious of his own goodness, but no man was more alert to the good in others, or more ready in expressing appreciation and according praise. I will not say that he did not see the defects of others, but it was not his nature to comment upon these. He hated evil because he loved righteousness so much, but he did not hate the one who did the evil. In his actual contact with men and in his relations with their thought he had the largest charity.

I have spoken of his tact, but it is remarkable that along with this he possessed in a great degree the characteristic of energy. He was an indefatigable worker. The demands upon his time were great. He was more than the minister of a parish, he was the servant of a community; he was even more than this, for the circle to which he ministered, in one way or another, was larger than the community. I do not see how he could ever have lost a friend, for he perfectly fulfilled every obligation of friendship. He could not be so busy as to neglect any but himself.

It is not often, I think, that one so fine of nature is so much a man of affairs. He was a man of rare cultivation and of rare sensitiveness to the beautiful; but among all the symbols of beauty that he delighted in gathering about him there was nothing so beautiful as his own soul. One can see how he might have withdrawn from sharing our more ordinary life, but

this he did not do ; his fineness seemed only to make him the stronger. No man was more manly than he. No man found less fault with the world as it is, and no man worked more earnestly to improve it ; none was readier to discern its good, and to make it better. His life was thoroughly in the world though he kept himself constantly above it. He was the instructor and the practical helper, the revealer of ideals of life and the leader of others into loyalty to them. In all the higher concerns of life men turned to him, and never found his wisdom or his interest to fail.

He loved humanity : of course, then, he loved children—as they knew he did. "The holy innocents," he was fond of calling them. "The holy innocents," he said once as I stood by him ; "they have no business to be so interesting!" But they were, nevertheless, and he could not help seeing the fact. Perhaps he saw in them the prophecy of a better humanity some day to be realized. At any rate, he loved them.

But the whole truth is not so told. He loved them because he was a child at heart. He was never old, indeed, but, more than that, he was one of the youngest people one could meet. He was essentially a child, though he had a wisdom rare in manhood. It was easy for him to enter, and remain in, the kingdom of heaven.

He was great with the real greatness. The combination in his nature of fineness with strength, the alliance of tact with energy, the endowment of heart that equalled his endowment of mind, his genuineness and sympathy, his simplicity and generosity,—these were what made him great in that only true greatness which grows

> "not alone in power
> And knowledge, but by year and hour
> In reverence and in charity."

His was the greatness of character, the greatness of full-rounded manhood.

No higher praise than this can be given. It would be exaggeration to give it to many; but it is all within bounds when accorded to him. One need not be afraid of over-statement, but only fearful that one's words are wholly inadequate to express the simple truth.

So he lived, and so he lives. The friendship is severed because we can no longer trace his path. Doubtless his life is the same now that it was among us, except that wisdom and capacity for service in the other world are even greater than they were here. We would not have him turn back from his new and greater work, and from his new and greater peace and joy in living. We would rather cry to him

"Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

Very partial and inadequate these words of mine to-day! Would they were more perfect for their office! But the heart knows, and it shall not forget. It is only the lips that falter. The intention must stand in place of the perfect deed.

"Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things."

REV. LOAMMI GOODENOW WARE, L. H. D.

BY THE

REV. FRANCIS TIFFANY,

OF CAMBRIDGE.

[Reprinted from the *Christian Register* of April 23d, 1891.]

In the death of Loammi Goodenow Ware there passed away a unique example of a unique type of the Christian ministry. The heartfelt sorrow with which the intelligence that he was gone was received throughout the community in which he had lived for nearly thirty years; the deep sense at once of private and of public loss which filled the minds not only of the religious society to which he had so long ministered, but of the children in the public schools, the university professors, the patients in the city hospital, the poor in their wretched tenements as well as the rich in their comfortable homes,—all this testified to the removal of a man who had touched the lives of his fellow-creatures at very many points.

No one who ever had the good fortune to visit Mr. Ware in his charming home in what is, unquestionably, the most beautiful rural city of America, could have failed to exclaim, "Truly, the lines have fallen to thee in pleasant places!" Seated high on the hillside by which city and garden climb from the shore of Lake Champlain, and commanding from piazza and windows an unspeakable view across the

majestic lake to the noble groups of the Adirondack mountains,—to have witnessed a great sunset there was to have had impressed on the imagination a picture whose outlines, tints, and dyes could never after fade away. But along with this personal enjoyment there went inevitably a feeling of disinterested joy, a fine sense of poetic justice, that the privilege of dwelling in such a paradise had been granted to this especial man. His was a nature that drank in beauty at every pore. He could have exercised his peculiar influence nowhere but in an atmosphere of beauty. An ugly manufacturing town, a prosaic Western prairie village, would have shorn him of the very locks of his strength. No more indispensable to the flower is the stimulus of sunshine than was to his essential temperament vital communion with the beautiful in nature, the beautiful in music, sculpture, painting, and poetry. But here was a soul in which the good and the beautiful were fused in gracious harmony: the good never felt to rise full, free, and triumphant till it had flowered out in beauty. As President Buckham of the University of Vermont so justly said of him, "Art was, in his estimate of it, not the mere ornament or frippery of life it is to so many, but a part of God's grace to mankind." Yes, of God's *grace* to mankind! These tastes and convictions was it that made Mr. Ware's study in which his work was

done the very incarnation of himself. Hung round the walls with the masterpieces of Greece and Italy, its book-shelves were laden with the choicest literature in poetry, the drama, art criticism, works of humor and imagination, sacred song, and missals of devotion. Never married, he lavished his full love on these, as other men on their wives and children.

And yet along with this exceptional love and need of beauty there went in Mr. Ware a rich and strong humanity. His social nature was large and overflowing, his sense of duty to others abiding and rigorous. He felt the acutest sympathy with suffering, and was capable of even fiery indignation at wrong. To quote again from President Buckham; "Mr. Ware's sympathies were not those of a mere scholar; they were large, human, catholic. They went out to the ignorant, the poor, the mourners, the sick, the suffering, the prisoner, the slave, the outcast. . . . I venture the assertion that he derived more satisfaction from being secretary of the Mary Fletcher Hospital and from having his name forever associated with a bed in that House of Mercy, than even from his choice library and his charming art treasures."

To the still surviving friends of Mr. Ware who knew him far back in the old divinity-school days, the later developments of his character and influence came with a kind of surprise. In those earlier days

he seemed too over-refined, too fastidious, ever to get a grip on this "rough world." Indeed, for some years to come it continued to look as though he would make no strong mark in his profession. No sooner, however, was he in 1863 settled in Burlington, Vermont, than it was evident he had struck the right soil in which to push out roots on all sides, and begin to uplift the trunk, branches and crown of foliage that were later on to prove refuge and covert to so many. As from time to time his old friends would meet him on a visit to Boston, it was common to hear them say, "How steadily Ware grows!" Nor was the reason far to seek. In the lovely region he had at length lighted on, and in the society of the university professors and of cultivated social circles, his æsthetic nature had finally found the sympathy and support it needed to encourage him to open out and proclaim that gospel of the "beauty of holiness" which was the especial gospel he was foreordained to preach and in his own life to illustrate. In his rare success in this his self-chosen work lies the justification of the remark at the beginning of this notice, that Mr. Ware was a unique man and the representative of a unique type of the Christian ministry.

For nearly thirty years, in Burlington, the animating impulse of Mr. Ware's mission to his fellow-men was the reconciliation of the claim of duty with the

claim of beauty. That God's world was a rich and free world, and that service in it ought to be a service of liberty and joy, was his cardinal dogma. A courteous gentleman to the core, none felt more deeply the charm imparted to human intercourse by gracious manners, and their power to call out the kindliest and best in others. However he might feel inwardly, he suffered no presence of mood or of physical indisposition to cloud the uniform sunshine of his greeting. He had a genius for friendship, and ever delighted to meet men on the common human ground of identity of nature. The ease with which he could do this in the case of children—not yet unhappily differentiated into Unitarians, Baptists, Methodists, or Episcopalians—was the main thing that so endeared them to him. Thus was he emphatically a liberal Christian,—liberal in theology, liberal with his sympathies, his books, his money, his acquirements, his time. Perhaps the only illiberal thing recorded against him was that he so monopolized the love of the children of the town that, when he was on hand, they could hardly be induced to notice any one else. On a sin like this, however, the recording angel will surely "drop a tear and blot it out forever."

It was a primal article of Mr. Ware's creed that the crowning glory of God's creative spirit lay for us his children in his dower to the world of sublime men,

who, as poets, painters, sculptors, architects, prophets of a kingdom of holiness and beauty, have revealed infinite ideals, which impart to human life all its profoundest meaning and highest aspiration. Not to know these elect spirits, not to commune devoutly with them, meant to him to live in a poor, barren world and in midnight ignorance of the supreme attributes of its Author. Passionately he refused to believe that these mighty spirits were intended but for the privilege of an exceptional few; and so he spared himself no pains to bring mind after mind under the spell of their power, absolutely assured that this would impart new depth, cheer, and vision to their daily duties. In this immovable faith lay the mainspring of the influence he exerted over high and low, rich and poor. Many he introduced into a new world of spiritual communion they would never have known but for him; while to others he imparted a sense at least of the reality of a higher their eyes had not yet seen nor ears heard. And in this material age of ours what more inspiring service can any man render? Religion is dying out in our churches because in so many of them it has no lyrical lift, no aroma of poetry, no wings of spiritual imagination, no vital communion with sublime natures. The life more than meat and the body than raiment; God's grace to mankind most signally and gloriously revealed in the

power of elect spirits to inflame, exalt, and purify us; religion the tribute of thanksgiving for so unspeakable a gift,—this was the core of the faith of Mr. Ware; while the rare degree in which he was enabled to express it and to live it out was the secret of the grateful love he inspired, and of the genuine grief which mourns his loss.

A NEW BEATITUDE.*

L. G. W.

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

" A new beatitude I write for thee:
'Blessed are they who are not sure of things,'
Nor strive to mount on feeble, finite wings
To heights where God's strong angels, soaring free,
Halt and are silent." Ah, the mystery!
To-day, O friend, beyond earth's reckonings
Of time and space, beyond its jars and stings,
Thou enterest where the eternal secrets be!
Ay, thou art sure to-day! No more the bars
Of earth's poor limitations hold thee back,
Setting their bounds to thine adventurous feet.
Soar, lofty soul, beyond the farthest stars,
Where hope nor yearning e'er shall suffer lack,
Nor knowledge fail to any that entreat!

The Maples, April 12, 1891.

* From the *Christian Register* of April 30th, 1891. In his last letter to Mrs. Dorr Dr. Ware wrote: " If I could write a new beatitude for you, my friend, it would be ' Blessed are they who are not sure of things.' "

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